



C A N Z O N 24.

UNTO the Muses, I lesign my scroll,,
 Who sing with voice unto the
 spheres proportionable.
 Sing ye ! O write ye of my love's pure
 soul ^f
 Unbody it, in words inimitable !
 In high sphere, then, see ye her name
 enrolled '
 On her heart throne, sits the divine
 ASTR[^]EA;
 Who doth the balance of her favours
 hold,
 Which she imparts in justice and
 dement.
 For virgin purity, white GALATEA
 Doth type the sanctity of her purer
 spirit.
 She, the fourth Grace, height PASITELEA,
 Only recorded by our first born son;
 Whom after long sleep, we shall now
 untomb
 And her translate into ZEPHERIA.
 Amidst the CHARITES, possess thy room !
 THALIA in heart, zealous URANIA ;
 The soul's musician, sweet THELXIONE;
 Daughter of Love and Admiration '
 A veil immortal shall we put on thee,
 And on thy head mstar the Gnosian
 Crown '
 ARIADNE doth herself undeify.
 Yielding her coronal to thine installation
 !
 Now live in starry stage of heaven, a
 deity !
 And sing we, I& ZEPHERIA ! all in a
 rown.
 " Hold ! take thy scroll! With wing of
 immortality, Thy Love is clad ! Nay,
 ought may her unsanctiyy, But proud
 Disdain ^f " Thanks, sweet CALLIOPE !